

## **This I Believe**

I think I believe in God.

I say I think because I know that lying is bad. I say I might be lying because I know that lying doesn't only mean speaking untruths deliberately. I know that speaking out of ignorance when you know you are ignorant is a lie too.

So sometimes I think I don't believe in God, either.

It's a big question. And it's probably a question I will keep asking myself, if I continue to walk on this path of inconsistency and doubt and eternal questioning. Do I or do I not believe in the existence of God?

I dread baptism. Four years ago, I watched my brothers get baptised. I watched as the pastor anointed their heads with water, watched as he pronounced them as baptised. I was frozen in the audience. I remember quite clearly thinking and imagining me answering those questions the pastor asked. Do you believe in God? The words kept ringing in my ears, I just didn't know if I could be as certain as those brave souls on stage, committing themselves fully to God truthfully and with all their might.

Yet I know I am very clear about it. Believe on the Lord and you will be saved. Simple as that. But why do my questionings never cease, why do I doubt even further when calamity strikes?

When my grandmother went into the hospital last year, I started crying a lot. Not only because my mother, uncle and aunts and all my relatives were near tears as well, but because nothing of such a great magnitude had hit me like that did before. I went to the hospital nearly every day, only to hear that cancer in her womb had spread to everywhere, her stomach, her neck. She couldn't move, couldn't see or talk. The doctors kept reminding us to be prepared.

I prayed sincerely to God, to bring her speedy recovery or at least to take away her pain. I asked my God why this was happening to her. Why my grandmother was being punished by cancer, by stroke, by unbearable pain when she hadn't been a bad person?

I didn't understand. A large part of me still doesn't understand fully why, and sometimes I feel so helpless and frustrated I could scream. But then the other part of me calms me down, reminds me to be strong. I know that everything is in His hands, and no matter how bad things seem like, I know I have to keep praying, keep asking for faith, because my worldly self just doesn't have the means and the grace to keep faith and trust in Him myself.

With that, when I step on that stage, maybe I won't be thinking of anything but eternity with my God and my Friend. And maybe, just maybe, at that moment I would *know*, and hear my voice ringing strong and sure through the hall in reply to His question,

"Yes, I believe."